

A DIRE DISASTER

To the English Forces Was Reported by Kruger.

SAYS HIS MEN KILLED HUNDREDS

And Captured Seven Hundred, Also Securing a Vast Quantity of Supplies—Alleged Offer to Quit.

London, June 12.—Two pieces of news encouraging to the British in the official dispatches are that the broken communication of Lord Roberts is in a fair way to be mended by the forces moving northward and southward and driving off the roving commandos and that Sir Rodger Buller is at last master of Laing's Nek.

A dispatch from Bloemfontein dated Monday says that the railway is in British possession again and that the work of repairing the line is going on rapidly with the abundant material warehoused at Bloemfontein.

From the subjoined telegram it would appear that Gen. Hunter was in command of the troops referred to by Gen. Kelly-Kenny in his dispatch from Bloemfontein:

"Bloemfontein, June 12.—Gen. Hunter is coming up rapidly from the northwest, having severely defeated a large commando of Boers who had destroyed two miles of railway north of Kroonstad."

The Boer government is also issuing news cheering to its sympathizers. The following bulletin, the Boer version of the disaster to the Derbyshires, was posted by President Kruger Sunday at Mafeking:

"On June 7 four divisions of burghers, commanded by Steenkamp, Prone-man, Duploy, Fourie and Nel, attacked the British at Roodersdal, killed 200, took 700 prisoners and captured immense stores of food and ammunition—a Maxim gun and 1000 lyddite shells. Some food was taken by the Boer farmers and the rest was burned. The English mail was taken. The burghers attacked from the open veldt and gave evidence of unprecedented bravery."

Gen. Dewet was also fighting on June 2, whether at Roodersdal or elsewhere is not clear, but the Boer version gives it out that he captured 2000 suits of clothing, blankets, gloves, boots, etc. Being unable to carry them with him in his rapid sweep through the country, according to the Transvaal war office, he burned the whole mass.

Gen. Dewet has also reported that he put 1000 British out of action and destroyed property valued at £100,000. As Lord Methuen is officially described as fighting on June 7, it is possible he was engaging Gen. Dewet.

According to a dispatch to the Daily Express from Mafeking dated June 10, via Lorenzo Marquez, these around President Kruger say that Louis Botha and Delarey have been offered indirectly \$10,000 a year to lay down their arms, and President Kruger expects the same offer to be made to himself, President Steyn and Dewet. President Kruger believes that the British make these offers to close the war on the principle that it would cost less than to fight it out.

The Boers are leaving Natal.

Cabinet Meeting.
Washington, June 13.—The cabinet meeting was attended by Secretaries Hay, Hitchcock, Long and Clegg and Postmaster General Smith. It was devoted largely to a discussion of the Chinese situation. Secretary Hay laid before the cabinet dispatches from Minister Conger, which indicated that the situation is very critical. The steps that have been taken to reinforce Admiral Kempf were gone over, and it was determined to protect Americans.

Masonic Home Dedicated.
Fort Worth, Tex., June 13.—The Masonic Widows' and Orphans' home, a magnificent structure erected some months ago five miles out from the city by the grand lodge, Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Texas, was formally dedicated Tuesday with solemn and imposing ceremonies in the presence of 3000 people. It was a most impressive occasion, one that will be made memorable in the history of Masonry, this consecration to a sacred use.

Air of Certainty.
Cleburne, Tex., June 13.—The gold fever has broken out in this vicinity. A certificate of Mr. G. Holbrook of of Spokane, Wash., states he had assayed the ore recently taken out of the Vinson mine at Keene, and that it showed a value of \$25 to the ton. This ore is plentiful and Mr. Vinson is going right ahead taking it out. Heretofore there has been more or less speculation and uncertainty about the gold find, but this certificate adds an air of certainty to the matter.

FOUGHT AND CHASED

Two Thousand Boers, Killing Twenty or Thirty of Them.

London, June 13.—Sixteen British marines, reconnoitering in advance of the international column marching to Pekin, fought and chased 2000 boers Monday, killing twenty or thirty. A correspondent accompanying the column, in a dispatch dated Tien Tsin, June 12, via Shanghai, June 12, says:

"While the working parties, accompanied by a patrol of sixteen British marines, commanded by Maj. Johnson, were repairing the line Monday afternoon eight miles beyond Lof, they encountered small parties of boers who were destroying the line. The boers moved away from the advanced marines, and apparently dispersed into the country, leaving the rails moved and the sleepers burning."

"The marines when two miles in advance of the first train near Lang Fang suddenly perceived boers streaming from a village on their left. It was estimated that they numbered 2000, some of them being mounted, and they were trying to get between the marines and the train. Most of them were armed with spears and swords. A few had firearms, which they handled awkwardly."

"The marines retreated keeping up a running fire for over a mile and killing between twenty and thirty boers."

"The boers pursued the British for some distance. Then, seeing more marines from the train coming to their assistance, Maj. Johnson's sixteen halted and poured a heavy continuous fire into the crowd, driving them across the front of the reinforcing blue jackets, who punished the boers severely with Maxims."

"The boers fled, and the Europeans, following up their success, cleared out two villages. The total loss of the boers is estimated at forty killed and wounded. Seven of the wounded were attended by British surgeons. The British loss was nothing."

Graduating Exercises.
Bryan, Tex., June 12.—The graduating exercises took place at the assembly hall, which was overflowing with spectators. On the platform sat Gov. Sayers, President L. L. Foster, members of the board of directors, members of the faculty, Judge Rufus Hardy, Hon. J. W. Blake, Capt. Sibley, Hon. Joe Lee Jameson, Prof. T. U. Taylor, Judge Schutze and others.

Upon entering Gov. Sayers was received with applause and the band struck up "Dixie." The exercises opened with music by the band. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. P. Fountain of Bryan. Capt. William Walden Dickinson, first honor graduate, read his thesis on the relative feeding value of some common grains for calves.

Col. Foster next introduced Cadet C. P. Rogers of Kyle, who delivered the valedictory address.

The response to the valedictory was made by Cadet A. E. Story of Lockhart.

Hon. J. W. Blake of Sherman delivered the commencement address.

Col. Marion Sansom of Alvarado, president of the board of directors, conferred the degrees upon the graduates.

Verbal Report.
New York, June 13.—The Herald's Washington special says: Col. Burton has reported verbally to the president. He says Neely's speculations aggregate at least \$75,000, besides the stamps.

Steen at Yred.
London, June 13.—In regard to President Steyn being at Bloemfontein, a dispatch from Maseru, Bantulan, dated Monday, June 11, says President Steyn was then at Yred, 200 miles from Bloemfontein.

Gen. Buller seems to be making substantial progress and ought soon to possess the railway at Natal, presumably he will advance on Heidelberg and effect a junction with Lord Roberts.

President Dying.
Washington, June 13.—The state department received the following dispatch from United States Minister Wilson at Santiago, Chile:

Santiago, June 13.—Secretary of President Errazuriz had a third and dangerous attack of paralysis yesterday. His death simply question of time. Executive functions transferred to Prime Minister Albana, as provided by constitution. WILSON.

Caused by Kerosene.
McKinney, Tex., June 13.—News of the horrible death of little 9-year-old Leila Moss has reached here from the northeastern portion of the county. The child was lighting a fire with kerosene from a can, which exploded in her hands, resulting in her terrible death from the flames, which devoured her clothing and burned her body to a crisp.

Heavy casualties to the British are reported from the West African coast.

TRULY THRILLING.

Corporal Carson's Courageous and Clever Comrades

BACK HIM UP IN ELEGANT STYLE.

Thirty Americans Hold Six Hundred Filipinos at Bay for Four Days, With Bullets Whizzing and Whistling.

Washington, June 9.—Perhaps the most thrilling and picturesque incident of the entire Philippine war occurred at Catubig, on the island of Samar, where, on Sunday, April 15, last, when a party of thirty-one enlisted men of company K, forty-third infantry volunteers, held at bay a force of some 600 insurgents during four days of fierce fighting, reinforcements arriving just in the nick of time.

The war department has received reports from Capt. H. M. Day of the forty-third volunteer infantry and Lieut. Sweeney of that regiment, who commanded the rescue party, giving all the details of the attack, the siege and the relief. According to these reports the attack on the garrison at Catubig began without warning. From the hills on all sides, from every point of vantage in the town, and from a deserted church directly adjoining, came a rifle and cannon fire of terrible intensity. On Tuesday morning hand-fuls of burning hemp were thrown into the barracks from the insurgents to the church and soon the soldiers' refuge was on fire. All efforts to subdue the fire failed and finally the little band made a dash for the river bank.

Some were killed before the bank was reached, others fell dead in a boat in which they were attempting to make the opposite shore and when a trench finally was dug with bayonets there were only sixteen of the thirty-one left to man it. Here for two more days Corporal Carson, handling his men with the judgment of a veteran, held out under a terrible fire until Lieut. Sweeney's command, which had been ordered to supplement the garrison at Catubig and was on its way up the river on the steamer Lao Ang, arrived. Not until within a quarter of a mile of Catubig, says Lieut. Sweeney, in his report, did they hear the noise of the engagement. Then he realized that he and his men were sorely needed and he ordered the captain of the steamer to run his boat at top speed. The Lao Ang steamed up to Catubig under a rain of Mauser bullets from both shores. The small boats were lowered, a landing effected and the rescuers fought their way through the open to their beleaguered comrades in the trench, buried the dead within reach, brought back to the boat the beleaguered party, numbering now only thirteen men, and then steamed down the river. Capt. Day bestowed the highest commendation upon Corporal Carson as "displaying extraordinary good judgment in the handling of his men, thereby saving the lives of the survivors and protecting the wounded until relief came."

To each of the little command and their rescuers he gave the highest praise. "Their zeal and nobility," he says, "were a fitting example of the worth and courage of the American soldier."

Some of the Wall party, implicated in the San Augustine trouble, are in jail at Nacogdoches.

Otis Hacking Case.
Chicago, Ill., June 9.—Maj. Gen. D. S. Otis of the United States army reached Chicago at 7:30 a. m. Friday from San Francisco and left at 10:29 for Washington. Mrs. Otis and her daughter arrived in Chicago Friday night from New York and the general and his family spent the hours between trains together—the ending of a separation of two years.

Gen. Otis declined to enter into a detailed interview.

Indignity to a Girl.
St. Louis, Mo., June 9.—A mob of furious women and boys beat and degraded Lena Keater, a young woman who makes her living by peddling lunches among the employees of the California avenue street car line. When the mob had stripped her to the waist one woman daubed her with green paint while two others held her, the jeering boys and women of the mob applauding the outrage and throwing mud. Two other girls were attacked.

Storm In Oklahoma.
Guthrie, Ok., June 9.—A terrible wind, hail and electrical storm visited this section at 5 o'clock Friday morning. Thousands of acres of wheat were ruined by hail and wind, much corn and cotton riddled and many orchards stripped of all fruit. In one township northwest of here many farmers lost all their crops and the damage will aggregate many thousands of dollars.

Judge Reagan has returned to Austin from the Confederate reunion.

TOPICS OF THE TWO.

Matters of the Moment in Indian and Oklahoma Territories.

Indian Territory.
The Dawes commission is winding up the rolls.

The Cotton National bank of Oklahoma has been organized.

Dick Easton, an aged colored man, was killed by a team at Colbert.

Someone fired into the residence of ex-City Marshal Barton at Poteau.

It has been decided that non-citizens must pay the Cherokee tribal tax.

The grain dealers of the Indian Territory have organized a protective association.

Mary Brown, a Choctaw woman, was shot to death by an unknown party near Connersville.

A large number of Texas negroes have applied for citizenship papers in the Choctaw nation.

The Jefferson Telephone company has been incorporated. It will do business in the Creek, Cherokee, Choctaw and Chickasaw nations.

Hon. A. S. Jackson of Arkansas has resigned as a member of the Dawes commission. His successor is Hon. C. R. Brockbridge of the same state.

In a difficulty over a dog at Durant two boys, aged 15 and 17 years, fought furiously. One of the lads hit the other in the head with a rock, fracturing his skull and causing death. The dog was valued at \$1.

Oklahoma.

The Bank of Lamont has filed its charter.

Will R. Davis was shot to death at Luther.

Oklahoma's wheat crop will exceed 25,000,000 bushels.

The Oklahoma supreme court is in session at Guthrie.

Oklahoma City will issue \$30,000 bonds to build a city hall.

The Adventists will erect a \$25,000 sanitarium at Oklahoma City.

At Pawnee 10,000 people celebrated the passage of the free homes bill.

In a horse race at Crescent City, N. M. Mock was thrown and fatally injured.

J. D. Rice was crushed to death by a pile driver on the Oklahoma Eastern railway.

A train loaded with excursionists was derailed near Pawnee, but no one was hurt.

The Oklahoma City Land and Electric Street Railway company, capital stock \$200,000, has been organized.

The attendance at the Christian Endeavor meeting at Norman was large and an interesting and profitable session held.

NEW WAR SONG.

"We Are Marching Into Freedom, It Belongs to Queen Victoria."

London, June 9.—Gen. Buller has at length taken the offensive, and by maneuvering he has secured a position west of Laings Nek, by which he believes he can make the Boer positions untenable. Presumably he will immediately follow up his success.

Lord Roberts has communicated the correspondents to wire what is going on. London's inference is that he is resting, although he is possibly disposing his army for a reach after Commandant Gen. Botha.

A blockade of the wire, owing to the crush of official correspondence, may account for the scanty press dispatches. Some things filed a week ago are only just now arriving. Among these are spirited descriptions of the fighting at Elandsfontein. According to one of them, the streets were filled with women and children. Rifle shots could be heard everywhere. The British soldiers would stop firing and join in the chase after chickens. The burghers surrendered to any one. Kaffirs went about looting the Jewish stores, and mounted infantry galloped hither and thither.

Blind Institute Exercises.
Austin, Tex., June 9.—The closing exercises of the state blind institute were held at that institution last night. The attendance was large and the program well rendered, reflecting great credit on the pupils and their instructors. An interesting and instructive feature of the program was an address by Judge B. R. Welch of Fort Worth on the subject of the "Education of the Blind." The governor's medal was won by Miss Adele C. Cordee, a graduate.

Old Officers Re-Elected.
San Antonio, Tex., June 9.—The convention of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks adjourned Friday, a banquet at the Meuser giving the finishing touch to the convention. The entire old board of officers was re-elected and the selection of the next convention seat was left to the executive committee. Among the changes in the constitution was the increase of the death benefits from \$5000 to \$3000.

The Making of a Hero

Perhaps it would never have happened had a comrade given him a word of encouragement. But the men were too intent on the grim work before them, so, in the half of lead, when Private Cory dropped to the ground it was generally understood that a bullet had knocked him over. Such, however, was not the case, as the ambulance corps, following in the rear, soon discovered. He had merely fainted from fright.

The doctor turned over the shivering bit of humanity to look for the wound, found none, and smiled. Cases of this kind were not unknown to him. "Poor fellow," he murmured. "Let him remain with the rest."

"No, he is not hurt at all," he said to one of his assistants. "His wound will come afterwards when he recovers from that faint, and God help him, then. There is no bullet wound that will give him the agony that is before him."

"Shall I throw a bucket of water over him, sir?" asked a man with a blood-stained bandage around his head, but sufficient of his face left uncovered to show his intense disgust at his comrade.

"No, you must not disturb him," was the curt answer, and he turned to give his attention to the burdens which the stretchers were now quickly depositing in the improvised hospital.

"Poor lad," he mused, as he bent over his work, "I must give him a word of encouragement when he comes round."

But when, later on, Private Cory staggered to his feet, the kindly doctor was too busy to notice him. He looked wonderingly around the tent. Then the remembrance of what he had



A MOMENT OF TERROR.

done seemed to rise up and strike him full in the face. He sank down again with a choking sob. He clutched the earth with his hands, as men do when struck down in battle with a mortal wound. It was a burning hot day—the wounded were suffering terribly from the intense heat—but he shivered with cold. Outside the shells were screaming, while now and again came the subdued but harsh growl of the smaller arms. It seemed as if a thousand voices were shouting at him and reproaching him for his cowardice. Then a human voice joined in the wild orchestra.

"You bloomin' cur. Call yourself a man?"

It was the stern sergeant of his company, who had been brought in wounded in three places before he had given up. His face was gray with the pain he was enduring, but he must needs give vent to his disgust at such pusillanimity. A contemptuous smile played about his bloodless lips.

"I call it gettin' money under false pretences. You're clothed and stuffed with the best of everything the country can send out, includin' a briar pipe and a broken off. I couldn't hev believed it of any man in the whole bloomin' company."

He stopped because the pain of his wounds became so great, and he bit hard the piece of Cavendish he had in his mouth to stifle a groan, but other men took up the cue.

No agony of the battlefield could equal what Private Cory was now enduring. He quivered as if acted upon by some powerful electric current, but he made no answer to their taunts, and continued to lie with his face turned to the ground. He tried to reconstruct the wreck of his manhood, but his brain was still in a whirl, and those shrieking shells outside still seemed to be telling the world that he was a miserable coward.

A man was handing round some broth. He had been hours without food, and the savory odor caused a craving hunger to take possession of him. A pannikin full was being passed, from which men took a drink, their expectant comrades looking on with eager, wistful eyes. Cory raised his head, hoping his turn had come, but he was immediately greeted with a storm of curses that caused him to drop it again. Fool that he was to expect it. He might have known.

At that moment the doctor came up. "Give Cory some of that soup. Hold up, my lad," he said, not unkindly; "you may make a soldier yet. Drink this," and he handed him the tin vessel.

"He is a broth of a boy," shouted a man, and this poor joke was greeted with laughter even by those who knew they had but a few hours to live.

Cory sat up. The soup seemed to put life into him, and he ceased to shiver. He was barely out of his teens, but his face, in its ashy grayness, looked more like that of a man who had passed his prime.

"Feelin' a bit better now?" began the sergeant.

"He'll run for it as soon as he's able," remarked the other. "Where's listen!" he broke off, as a shell exploded just outside. "They seem to have got the range of us now. Nice

Christians, these Boers, bring on the Red Cross."

For a few seconds there was silence as the men realized their danger. The angry growl of the quick-firers was every now and then punctuated by the long, deep-mouthed baying of the Boers' Long Tom.

"They are aiming at us, by God!" shouted a man, running into the tent with his right arm hanging helpless by his side.

Immediately there was a violent concussion; the air was filled with dust, smoke, and a pungent smell, and the end of the tent lit up with a tongue of flame. In an instant three or four men sprang forward and the fire was extinguished.

"The devils are firing at us," cried the sergeant. "The next shot will count a bit if I am not mistaken."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a huge rent suddenly opened in the canvas, and a shell dropped right in the middle of the tent. The wounded ducked under their covering, as if they would bury themselves beneath the ground. The doctor, with another, rushed forward; but Private Cory was before them.

"Not you, doctor!" he shouted, as he seized the bomb.

"Quick, my man! Into the bucket with it!" said the doctor. "No! There's no water! My God—"

But Cory had dashed through the opening and was running like a hare. They were all dumfounded for a moment. Then a cheer broke from them when they realized what he was doing—a cheer in which dying men joined.

"Throw it away! Now! Throw it!" yelled the doctor after him.

Still he ran. The music of what he knew was their applause rang in his ears. Nothing had ever sounded so sweet to him. He smiled. It reminded him faintly of his achievements in the football field, when the crowd roared their approval. The ball he carried now was heavier, but the applause—only he knew what it meant to him, and he clutched the destructive missile like a child hugging a doll. He felt inclined to kiss it. If he lived he would be a man and a comrade again. If not—he ran on.

Some one has wisely said that it requires often but the turn of a straw to make a coward a hero, or a hero a coward. Cory was now a man again.

The paralysis of panic that had seized him a few hours ago and had frozen his heart existed now only as a hideous dream. Another ten yards—he was quite fifty from the tent. He heard them urging him to throw it. A few yards more, then with a tremendous effort he hurled it from him. Instantly there was an explosion, and Cory fell on his face.

"Poor chap! He is done for, I doubt," said the doctor, as several raced forward, followed by a number of wounded, who limped in pain.

They knelt by his poor shattered body. The sergeant, his old tormentor, regardless of his own wounds, had been among the first who rushed to his assistance.

Cory raised the only hand left him, which the N. C. O. clasped murmuring something about forgiveness. A smile of exultation played about his comrade's face for a moment, then the film of death gathered over his eyes. He tried to speak, but no words came in obedience to the moving of his lips, for his soul had taken its flight to that land where brave spirits are at rest—Mainly about People.

The Dawes Mare.

The Pittsfield (Massachusetts) Journal reports a remarkable instance of animal sagacity. As the instance occurred in a well-known locality and is vouched for by local authorities, it must be accepted as true. The story concerns an old mare, formerly the property of ex-Senator Dawes, but now belonging to a stable in Pittsfield. The "Dawes mare," as she is called, is used on the station baggage wagon. One day recently the old mare fell twice in the course of the forenoon's work. At noon she was unharnessed and sent to the stall for her feed. She is never hitched. At one o'clock, when it was time for another trip to the station, she was not in the stable, and no trace of her was found until about three o'clock when she walked in unattended, and took her place in the stall, as if nothing had happened. Then it was noticed that she had been newly shod. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the sagacious mare, after eating her dinner, had gone to the blacksmith shop and waited her turn. Supposing that some stable hand had sent her in there, the blacksmith sharp-shod her. The name of the Dawes mare deserves a place in the annals of equine intelligence as that of a horse who knew what to do and did it.—Youth's Companion.

The Way of the Transgressor.

The lot of the discharged prisoner is still infinitely but a happy one. Here is Samuel Seely, released from the Brooklyn penitentiary after having served a five years' sentence for embezzlement, coming forth with just \$5 in his pocket, given to him by the penitentiary authorities, and finding his former wife divorced and remarried and his son with another name, which the courts have permitted him to take to hide his shame. This leaves the discharged prisoner all alone in the world, and with the fates against him.—Boston Herald.

Another Confusing.

Dikins—There comes Jinks. He's a hateful fellow.

Wilkins—Is he one of those miserable, low-down dead-beats who are always borrowing money?

Why does the average person have a natural inclination to say he "done it"?—Chicago News.